

# Of Interest to Women.

The Handwriting of Actress, Singer and Writer Compared—Miss Ruth McEnery Stuart Tells of Her First Success.

## DILY SKINS AND NOSES.

Harriet Hubbard Ayer Tells How to Subdue the High Lights on the Nose.

She Celebrates the Virtues of the Midnight Scrubbing Brush on the Face

A shiny, greasy-looking face is a cross no woman need bear long. This condition is caused by an excessive production of sebaceous matter, or sebum, due to a morbid activity of the fatty glands of the skin. I have seen frequently little beads of oily matter at the mouth of the glands about the nose and forehead. Sometimes the scalp is also affected, and the subject, though using no oil or pomade upon the hair, will find her pillow soiled and greasy. The only way to get rid of this difficulty is by frequent application of soap and water. Sometimes the glands of one part of the face will be found quite stopped or clogged by hardened secretions, while other portions of the countenance will be literally flowing with oil. Before using soap and water it is advisable to thoroughly rub the clogged glands with a penetrating oil or cream. In these proportions the following ingredients make a good ointment for this purpose: One-half ounce lanoline. Four ounces coconut oil. Twenty drops concentrated extract vanilla.

Three drops attar of oil of rose. Let the ointment remain on the parts requiring softening for an hour at least. Then scrub the face with a pure soap and plenty of soft, hot water. If the water you are forced to use is hard, throw a bit of common washing soda the size of a split into a basin holding say three quarts. This treatment may be repeated three or four times a day when required. Do not get discouraged because at first there is no marked result. Try for a fortnight, and mark the really wonderful improvement. If there is ever an excuse for using face powder it is in the case of the shiny nose; but powder will only palliate, and even the finest toilet powder should be carefully scrubbed out of the skin as soon as the necessity for its temporary use is over. It is a deplorable mistake to go to bed with powder or make-up of any kind on the face, and without thoroughly cleansing the skin from the day's accumulation of dust and foreign matter.

If mothers will heed this advice and insist on their little girls scrubbing their dear little faces every night with the face scrubbing brush and hot water, and thoroughly rinsing them after, there will be no more enlarged pores and the next generation will have beautiful, soft, fine complexion.

**Answers to correspondents.**  
Mrs. X.—I am delighted you are so successful in following my advice for reducing the flesh. You write that you have already lost twelve pounds in less than a month. Do not be too enthusiastic, and above all take lots of outdoor exercise.  
Port Thomas, Ky.—Get your physician to prescribe a good tonic for you. Your complexion is suffering because of your general debility.

## DOINGS OF SOCIETY.

Mrs. Brockholst Puttling will entertain the O. N. Sewing class at her home, No. 90 Madison avenue, on Friday next.

Mrs. Granville Byrn Smith, one of the most active members of the Knickerbocker Sewing Society, will receive her co-workers on Thursday morning. This society soon celebrates its sixteenth anniversary. The measure of success which characterized its early life is still undiminished. Its good work is of a continuous nature, and not prescribed for any certain season.

Thursday evening Mr. and Mrs. John Jacob Astor give a rose dinner, the first of a series of elaborate affairs, which are destined to relieve the otherwise dull monotony of Lent. Mrs. William Astor has secured passage to England on the Campania, which leaves this port on Saturday, and as a farewell function her dinner has been planned. Her son Jack and his wife will join her in Paris early in the month of March, the family returning in June to resume their positions as leaders of the social colony at Newport.

The friends of Mrs. William Douglass Sloane have received dinner cards for Wednesday night.

The last meeting of the Thursday Evening Club will be held at the residence of Mrs. Charles Tracy Jarney, on February 27. An affair will then be made, as the club does not meet again until after Easter.

Mrs. John T. Stanley has tendered the use of her spacious parlors for a musicale, to be given in the interests of the George Junior Republic Association, which has for its object the education of children from New York's Quaker Latin.

Wednesday afternoon at the Tennis building, in West Forty-first street, the members of the Knickerbocker Bowling Club will have their first meet. Among the famous women bowlers of last season were Miss Elsie Clews and Miss Julia Grout. Miss Helen Gould is regarded as an expert.

Miss Callender and Miss De Forrest have one more at home, Thursday, the 27th. This will end their musical afternoons for the season.

## THE HIRED GIRL'S POE.

Again it is the Vest that offers to solve one of the trying problems of life. A Michigan man is weary with being roused from his slumbers to wake the hired girl, as they call the functionary of all work. He has devised a scheme for ameliorating the condition of man. By means of an apparatus connected with a clock he not only arouses his victim, but ignites the fire in the kitchen stove and opens open the draughts of the heater. The bell attachment is arranged to ring for twenty minutes, and the inventor exultingly asserts that its clang renders a second nap an absolute impossibility.

## HE LET HER HAVE HER WAY.

It was when the cable cars were new, and she was of the resolute, not-to-be-trampled-upon type. She rose to leave the car and stood lurching in the doorway, while the men on the platform squeezed together on one side to permit her egress. She glanced at them with unfavouring eyes. "I wish to get out on that side," she said to the conductor, indicating the side where the men were huddled. "Can't do it, lady," said he, with the brevity of his calling. "But I insist," she cried, looking at his number, "upon leaving the car on the side most convenient to me. You will ask those men to move." "You hear what the lady says," said the conductor. "Move over to the other side and let her climb over the gate!"

## DIPLOMACY CONQUERS.

Our New York women have not been diplomatic to a sufficient degree. Otherwise the crowded car nuisance might have abated long ago. Chicago has at least obtained the hearing of an ordinance and all because of a woman's spleen. The alderman was standing. So also was the irate woman, who is described as large and weighty. He felt his foot being steadily crushed. She bore the visage of one on duty sternly bent. When endurance ceased to be possible he spoke: "Would you object, madam, to making a change to the other foot?" She replied: "I ask pardon, sir, but I meant it for the man that's sitting down."

The ordinance has not yet passed, but Chicagoans say it is bound to become a law. There will be some little delay, but they expect an exemplification of the celerity with which a measure can be hurried through.

## CARMEN SYLVA'S WISDOM.

"A woman's virtue ought indeed to be great, since it has so often to suffice for two."

"At a wedding, men laugh and women weep."

"Men studies woman as he does the bagometer; but he does not understand her till the day after."

"Then she suddenly veers round and shoots barbed arrows at those to whom she was extending scornful pity a moment before."

"A woman will often utter a daring opinion, but she recoils in terror if she is taken at her word."

"Women who meddle with politics are domestic fowls, who make themselves ridiculous."

"A prince requires nothing but eyes and ears; he needs no mouth except to smile."

"To every mortal is granted a tongue, and even a pen to defend himself. Sovereign alone are expected to like God, who allows himself to be slandered without replying."

"The multitude is like the sea; it either bears you up or swallows you, according to the wind."

"Are you an artist?" asked a man of a young girl whom he had just met at a studio reception.

"It would be rather conceited for me to say yes to that," was the laughing answer, "but I am a painter."

Cotton dress goods in Delft blue and white will be among the Spring novelties.

Taking care of china and other valuable bric-a-brac, which requires frequent washing or cleaning, has come to be a recognized profession for gentlemen who are thrown upon their own resources.

## GRAMMARETTES.

Pointers for Women Who Wish to Speak Pure English Vide the Best Authorities.

**Bountiful.** This word is very generally misused. Bountiful applies to persons, not to things, and it has no reference to quantity. "A bountiful dinner" is incorrect; a bountiful woman may give a plentiful dinner, but the woman, not the repast, will be bountiful. We hear of railway eating houses where bountiful dinners are served at \$1 each. A meal paid for by those who eat it has no reference to bounty at all; it may be plentiful, and a meal given to the poor or in compliment may be plentiful because the giver is bountiful.

## Vulgar.

is often misused in the sense of immodest. The meaning of vulgar is "common," the conduct and speech of the vulgar has by usage come to mean rude or impolite, but not immodest. Thus a woman may wear her gown cut so low that it is immodest; but as material lowness is not vulgarity, it is not proper to say her gown was so low it looked vulgar.

## Leave.

is very commonly ill-used, thus: "Henry left this morning, and I shall leave to-morrow." Leave what? Left what? Certainly not this morning nor to-morrow, but home or some place. When this verb is used the mention of the place referred to is absolutely essential.

## Love and like.

are confused by many educated persons. Love is frequently used for like. A man loves his children, his wife, his parents, his country and his honor, but he should not say he loves custard when he means he has a liking for that dainty.

Flowers for the table often droop and look wilted before they are used—especially if brought to the house some hours ahead of time. But they will keep perfectly fresh if their roots or cut ends are placed in a tub or shallow pan, with about two inches of water over the bottom. Then flowers, tub and all, are covered with paper to exclude the dry house atmosphere.

## Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart's First Success.

The success of the American short story was long ago established. The most recent and rapid success in this branch of literature is that of Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart. Her peculiar distinction is that she has impaired the value of one of the last standards concerning women to retain form and color. This is that "woman have no sense of humor." Mrs. Stuart's stories overflow with fun. Judged by those commercial standards which no one disputes, Mrs. Stuart ranks with Thomas Nelson Page and Frank Stockton. She is the best paid woman writer in town.

"No, the 'Golden Wedding' wasn't my 'first success,'" she said yesterday, sitting by her desk in her softly-tinted "study."

"You remember the 'Lamentations of Jeremiah Johnson'?" Well, that was my "first." It appeared in Harper's in 1888. "That and several of my other stories were written in Arkansas. You know Mr. Stuart owned two sugar plantations down there then, and my models were right around me, for of course all his 'chans' felt they owned us."

"We didn't live on either of the plantations, but in the little town near by, and I can see all those darkies now, riding in on their mules, hitching them to the mulberry trees in our yard, sitting in rows upon our front steps, 'restin' in 'foolin' round' generally."

"Some old 'aunt' would surely come walking in every morning with a battered tin pail on her arm, filled with perfectly worthless berries, gathered by the wayside, not to sell, but 'ter swap far less' a little dose, please ma'am, an' a pinch butter, when any one asked him. 'Say, uncle, what's that you've got in your mouth?' would reply laconically, 'Wuns, and shut his tongue down upon his imprisoned 'bair' again."

"Do I miss such 'material' up here? Not at all. I find that in looking back upon these old friends of mine, their dusky figures stand out more and more clearly against the glow of tender reminiscence besides what types we have here at our door in Gotham."

"Do you remember," I reminded her, "our long 'stump' strolls when you first came North from the 'Sunny' about five years ago?"

"Don't!" she laughed. "Who could exhaust the 'material' we just glimpsed then? I think at that time we had an idea of taking a humble apartment together over some little shop down town and studying the 'masses' all unbeknownst. Why didn't we?"

"Because," I said, "we grew to fear not the 'people,' but the 'people's' parasites."

"Yes, I remember now, and how that pretty 'college settlement' girl cooled our enthusiasm when we confided our scheme to her."

"My longest story was 'Carlotto's Intended,' which came out in 'Lippincott's,' she answered me apropos of a question I put to her a moment later, "and that was only a novelette; but it approves of long stories. Yes, and the best proof of that fact is I am at present half way through my first novel."

"Of course, the best short story is of as much literary value as the longer book of three volumes, but my fear is that the short story craze will spoil public taste for more lengthy fiction. However, I needn't worry about that personally," she smiled.

To fully appreciate Mrs. Stuart's work one should read it herself. She has dramatic instinct and easily sinks her own personality to assume the character, manner, and even likeness of her characters.

## PRIMA DONNAS ON WHEELS.

Mrs. Nordica and Mrs. Clara Louise Kellogg Strakosch are learning to ride the bicycle.

Effie—Please, Uncle Arthur, do come and play chess with me.

Uncle Arthur—Oh, Effie! Don't you remember? It's Sunday.

Effie—Well, we can let the Bishop win.

## FRESH AIR AND NO PIE.

A pretty New York woman was recently asked how she managed to keep her complexion in such perfect condition, to which she answered:

"I try to spend nearly half of every day in the open air, and I never eat pie."

Alfred de Musset once said: "None laugh better and oftener than a woman with fine teeth."

## THE LATEST CULTURE CLUB.

How to Produce the Sigh of Love.

The Century Club was formed for progress and culture. It was living up to the tenets of its charter, for it had a very good charter. The handsome, gracious president of the club had a husband. The husband was a lawyer. She had drawn that charter up at home. No member of the club had bothered her head in reasoning all this out, but they were all, severally and separately, proud of that charter, and chiefest among its many purposes was culture.

They had lovely rooms, dull rose and old blue tints, with fringes of gold and silver. They had tables stacked with magazines full of lovely pictures. They were lovely clothes, except the more profound ones, who had other things to think about.

At a very enthusiastic meeting it was decided that the club as a body take a course of lessons in physical culture. The teacher selected was a sweet woman, and she said physical culture kept off wrinkles and made pretty forms, and besides she had just married a judge and they were going to entertain a good deal. So thus the lessons were begun.

The teacher insisted that for freedom of motion members should be worn. Some, however, utilized their bathing suits, and the more discreet ladies of older years wore short skirts.

The preliminary "work" of the class was a somewhat irregular march, with a subdued "kicking" exercise. That finished, the pupils, in all their differentiations of looks, attire, age and grace, ranged themselves in a semi-circle around the room, facing the teacher. "Now, ladies," began the teacher, lifting her chin so as to show the contour of her throat and making a sinuous detour with her arms, "now, ladies, we will have a lesson in dynamic breathing; that is all the fat just now, and it cures you of almost anything. You know, it was discovered by a Hindu, a Hindoo—something."

"Was it Vivekananda?" interposed the Theosophist; "he was just the dearest thing. You know, when we gave him that reception Miss De Collette went up to him and asked him how his family was; and"—

"No, it was some other Hindoo," calmly continued the teacher. "You know, whenever they get tired they just lie down and do dynamic breathing, and then they are so rested they can do almost anything. So we'll begin. Close your eyes. Don't think. Let your mind become a blank and let your head drop. Now, let it roll all around and don't, don't, don't think."

The half hundred bodies—lean, fat, old, young, trim, stolid and lithe—became inert, limp, lolling.

"Now, ladies, concentrate your thoughts. Keep your eyes shut. Think in your heels. Ladies, breathe all through your body and then think in your heels; take a long breath, now in your knees, in your thighs, in your arms; now in your abdominal muscles. Concentrate your thoughts in your abdominal muscles, ladies."

"All ready?"

"Now, ladies, give the sigh of love." The silence was broken; a soft, penetrating, palpitating, sonorous, deep and prolonged sigh echoed around the room—the concerted yet distinctive interpretation of half a hundred unquenched souls; and the lesson was ended.

## HOW LONG CUT FLOWERS LAST.

The thin-stemmed roses are the most perishable of all the class. This class belong the Bridesmaid (pink), Mermel (very delicate pink), the Bride (white), and the Perle (yellow). Even with care they will seldom retain their beauty over the second day. The Cuisse (delicate pink), and Mrs. Pierpont Morgan roses are more enduring, and will often keep three, and even four days. The American Beauty will last three and four days, but after the second day changes color, the rich red assuming a purplish hue.

Violets will often retain an appearance of freshness for four and five days, but after the second day all perfume is gone. Hyacinths and freesia look well for three or four days, and sometimes even longer, while mignonette and carnations can, with a little care, be kept for almost a week. Daffodils have even greater staying powers, and have been known to look fresh at the advanced age of eight and nine days.

Gaslight and furnace heat are poisonous to flowers, and they should be kept as much as possible away from the latter. At night they should be put in a cool (not freezing) place, with the stems in water and the tops well covered with wet tissue paper.

## WOMAN'S CAUSE IN GERMANY.

The question of collegiate training for women is still unsettled in Germany. A big step in the right direction has been taken, however, and valuable co-operation secured. Dr. Demburg, the well-known Berlin professor of law, has declared himself as its advocate, but doubts the wisdom of admitting the two sexes indiscriminately to the German universities. It would be wise, he thinks, to reserve one mainly for women, and he suggests the charmingly situated Glessen as a desirable centre.

## IS THE HANDWRITING OF THESE WELL-KNOWN WOMEN CHARACTERISTIC?



*In life I make  
all  
your friends  
Amelia Rivers*

*Write to me when you can.  
I am not very happy  
and woman. I'm a dear  
thing to me in my loneliness  
and by the way, I would  
be twenty five until the  
23rd of this coming  
August - I was born on a  
Sunday of 1863.  
Amelia Rivers*

*Dear Mrs. Ayer -  
If you are free on Sunday  
at 5-5 o'clock  
would you call on  
me - I should be much  
pleased to see you before  
leaving New York -  
Most sincerely yours  
Ruth McEnery Stuart*

This penmanship indicates a certain degree of indolence, and in this way, is as expressive as the inimitable drawl of the writer. The trouble-saving manner of crossing the t's, the omission of a dot to the t's, all betoken a natural disinclination to take pains. It is a strong, forcible hand, and the sentiment it here conveys is out of keeping with the broad, liberal heart and clever head guiding Miss Rehan's pen.

It is noticeable that there are no flourishes to the signature, which is an extremely honest and straightforward, womanly and unaffected one.

The writing indicates a wide mental grasp, and I judge from it that Miss Rehan does not love the minute details of her fine art, and that she is more inspirational than carefully studious.

## A NEW WOMAN'S ART CLUB.

The Liberal Art League is a new art organization for women. It is an offshoot of the time-honored Ladies' Art Association. The name explains itself. The League has engaged a room at the Grand Central Palace and proposes to sell to any exhibitor, man or woman, whatever wall space is desired. In this room they are free to hang old boots if desired. The point is that no hanging committee will exist to sit upon their works of art.

The president of the Liberal Art League is Miss Elia F. Bell, whose "Satan" was one of the prize paintings in the salon some years ago. The secretary is Madame Clara Ruge, well-known among artists and art critics. The exhibition is to open March 15, and receptions once a week are to be held to give the exhibition a social standing.

Miss Bell will send "Storm Gods of Rigveda," a picturesque Hindu legend. Madame Ruge will send a portrait of Miss Alice O'Reilly, of Brooklyn, and some Venezuelan landscapes.

Miss Clara Volkman will send a number of portraits. Miss Irma Korntory, a Viennese, will send flower studies, of which she has made a specialty.

Royal purple is becoming the fashionable color for hats, earth stocks and even dresses. The covers of the catalogues at the Dog Show were of this hue.

Philadelphia boasts of a successful woman architect, Mrs. Minerva Parker Nichol is her name.

## THE OLD POKE REVIVED WITH NEW GLORIES.

The smartest bonnets of the early Spring season are strongly suggestive of the old-time poke shapes. They are, indeed, called "pokes" by those who claim the right to give titles, but they are a happy mélange of many modes and times.

The poke bonnets of a century ago were very remarkable affairs. They ran to high stiff crowns, like sections of stovepipe, and great coal scuttle brims, that often enclosed "face trimmings" of lace and flowers at each side of the cheeks.

The new pokes are enormously wide, with little or no brim in front. But many straw shapes have quaint, stiff crowns, with square wings at the sides, that protect far over the ears, and a narrow, slashed edge at the back.

All the straight under the chin, with velvet ribbon strung in a prin bow with long ends.

Under the wings, over the ears, flowers are massed, giving a hint of the old face trimming and a further poke look.

Pokes give those they become the quaint look of an old-time fashionplate.

Many women, however, always wear wide bonnets whatever the fashion. Among these are Mrs. Burke-Roche and Sarah Bernhardt, and both on recent occasions wore Spring pokes of uncommon becomingness.

Some of Bernhardt's bonnets are so wide and so belowered that they look at a distance like one of the wreaths she wears in "Gismonda."

Among the jewels owned by Calve is a brooch representing a figure of Fame, with jeweled pinions, and the name Victoria in sapphires passing around it in a semi-circle. The pin was a gift from the queen.

Jewelled parasol handles will be the fashion this coming Summer.



## WHAT WOMEN ARTISTS ARE DOING.

Ruth Payne Burgess, Dora Wheeler Keith, Mrs. J. Francis Murphy and Agnes Dean Abbott are among those who have pictures ready to send in to the Spring exhibition at the National Academy.

Mrs. Burgess will contribute two portraits, both of women.

Mrs. Murphy, a picture piece, of which green is the color scheme.

Agnes Dean Abbott, three landscapes—"Mount Orthodora, West Springfield, Mass.," "The Mill Pond," at South Hadley, Mass., and "Twilight."

Clara W. Parrish is at work on two pictures which she hopes to complete in time for the exhibition.

## MRS. BRYAN'S POEMS.

Mrs. Mary E. Bryan, the Southern writer whose poems have just been issued in a delicately beautiful volume, has had in the writing them an experience unique among poets. With a single exception all of her "Poems and Stories in Verse" were either written for an occasion, or first printed in some periodical with which their writer was then connected. The flowerings of a leisure all too brief and scant, they are of a quality to demonstrate that had their author given full scope to her poetic faculty she might have gained a high rank among the verse makers of the day.

"A woman's hopes are woven of sunbeams—a shadow annihilates them," wrote George Eliot. Yet it is not recorded that when she wrote it she was contemplating an Easter bonnet of a rainy Easter Sunday.

## Pleasure Out of Pain.

She—There's nothing pretty in the stores at all.

He—Well, you're unlucky. I've seen something pretty in every window.

She—?

He—Your reflection, my dear.